TODAY.

My soul upon my lips hath set a seal,
And, though I needs must greet thee day by day,
What lies between us I must not reveal—
My life is spent in learning to obey.

But, oh! dear one, when thou and I shall meet
In that fair world that knows not garish fear,
Unfettered, shall these longing lips repeat
For evermore, "I loved thee, always here."
—M. L. Smith in Harper's Weekly.

PRISCILLA'S ERROR.

It was first day afternoon, and Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat in the rocker in her cozy front room. The fire in the grate was of the brightest and cheeriest; the cat on the fur rug in front of the chimneypiece purred in solemn and self satisfied content; there were growing plants and vines in the broad window, and the sunshine filtered in through their fresh leaves, making flocks of light and shade on the gray carpet. It was cold out of doors, but from that room winter was shut out. It looked like a Quaker room. Everything shaded to gray and white. Friend Priscilla's yearly meeting bonnet was not more distinctly Friendly than was the pretty room where she came with her knitting or with her book in all her spare moments, and where, on first day evenings, she had her tea in honor of the special character of the day.

But no thought of tea was entertained in Friend Priscilla's brain just then, as she swung back and forth in her wicker rocker. The restful peace with which the day began had been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and it was with a soul entirely out of harmony with the serenity of her surroundings that the little lady sat there that afternoon.

"However could it have happened!" she moaned to herself over and over again. "Jane is so careful and I always look over the things and put them away myself." Like the Widow Green, "she searched the Scriptures to find a text that would somewhat ease her mind perplexed," but nothing seemed to exactly fit her case as she sighed to herself, "They dressed so differently in those days."

Friend Priscilla was the dearest old Quaker lady who ever attended meeting and sat in the "gallery." She had sat "facing the meeting" for more years than most of those in attendance at that particular place of worship cared to count up. Time had touched her lightly, and, although her hair was a little nearer white and her small hands a trifle more withered, her eyes wore as bright and her cheeks as soft and peachy as they had been thirty years before. Friend Priscilla was distinctly a pretty old lady. One of the younger and more irreverent members of the meeting had greatly scandalized the older Friends by heedlessly remarking, "We younger ones have no chance in the matter of good looks; Priscilla Gibbons is the belle of every yearly meeting."

It might be shrewdly suspected, too, that Friend Priscilla was privately aware of her claims to consideration in the line of appearance. Never was fashionable dame more particular about her most ceremonious toilet than was this little Quakeress about her everyday apparel. Gay it could not be, out of regard for both her conscience and her taste, but exquisitely fine and soft and even in coloring it always was. As she sat facing the meetings on first day mornings, and as she talked with her class in the afternoon first day school, she was as fair and dainty to look upon as a piece of Dresden china.

And Friend Priscilla seldom knew a care. To all appearances her life flowed on in unruffled serenity. So it was a matter for some surprise to the other members of the meeting that the little lady had taken to preaching of late. The first day morning when she calmly untied her bonnet strings, laid the bit of plain millinery on the cushion beside her, arose and stood with her gray gloved hands serenely clasped on the railing in front of her while she preached clearly and earnestly on the desirability of preserving the Quaker traditions and customs, was a memorable one in the community.

The burden of her little sermons was always the preservation of the sacred character of the meetings, and her homilies carried more weight with the younger generation, and especially with the children, than did those of all the other speakers put together. It was chiefly through her influence that it grew customary for the first day school to attend the morning meeting in a body, and any tendency to restlessness or levity on the part of the youngsters was afterward impressed upon them by Friend Priscilla as a matter for deep and lasting sorrow. The boy who on one occasion made a rabbit with his handkerchief will remember to his dying day the look of grieved surprise which shone upon him from Friend Priscilla's face.

"And to think," grieved the old lady, "that now I am myself responsible for their levity. How can I ever go into the meeting house again? And I'm sure I can never preach after this!"

That same morning a "concern" of the biggest kind had been laid upon Miss Priscilla's gentle and reverent spirit. In the midweek meeting, at which the members of the day school, carried on as an adjunct of the Friends' organization, were present, she had seen unseemly smiles exchanged between some of the children. The longer she thought about it the more the circumstance weighed upon her, and on first day morning Friend Priscilla rose to deliver the message that had come to her.

Strange to say, she was slightly nervous for the first time in her preaching experience. She surreptitiously felt in her pocket for the customary handkerchief, and finding it in its place against a time of need went on with her sermon. Fate was against her. Just as she was fairly under way there were hasty steps on the pavement outside, the door opened with a crash, and squeak, squeak, squeak, came a strange man up the aisle to a front seat almost under the speaker's nose. Such an entry would have made a sensation in any Quaker meeting, but imagine the feelings of the assembled Friends at finding that the bold invader had settled himself comfortably on the women's side of the house!

The sermon was forgotten; every woman on one side, and every man on the other, and every youngster in every part of the house craned his or her individual neck to get a good view of the newcomer, who so rashly defied traditions. Friend Priscilla herself lost the thread of her discourse and stood there helpless in the general amazement. The stranger, startled by the silence and by the fixedness of the numerous gazes fastened upon him, roused himself to the situation, surveyed the two divisions of the house and proceeded to act. Squeak, squeak, down the aisle he went again; squeak, squeak, along the stones outside; and squeak, squeak, up the other aisle to a front seat in the Quaker synagogue.

The elders breathed again; the children tittered, and Friend Priscilla endeavored to gather up the broken threads of her interrupted discourse. But the inspiration had fled. After one or two ineffectual struggles to enunciate a proper sentence, the little lady sank into her seat, placed her gray bonnet precipitately on her head regardless of the white face ruffle, pulled her carefully ironed and folded handkerchief from her pocket, held it before her face and gave herself up to agitation.

Friend Priscilla's pocket handkerchiefs, like the rest of her belongings, were fine and beautifully kept, and the ones devoted to use for state occasions were religiously laid away in a box by themselves. As she sat there reflecting on the untowardness of the immediate occurrences Friend Priscilla's one consolation was the recollection that the handkerchief now decorously drooping before her face in a long, half fold had been taken that morning from the sacred box in which her best were preserved.

Rudely breaking in upon her meditations came an audible snicker from one corner of the room, followed by a giggle from another quarter. She was astonished to find the meeting breaking up and a friend at her elbow saying demurely, though with a laugh in her eyes: "Priscilla, hasn't thee made a mistake in thy kerchief? That hardly looks like the ones thee usually carries." One hasty glance at the article mentioned, another at the smiling looks directed toward her by the entire audience, an awakening to the conviction that it had been necessary to close the meeting on account of the incongruity of her attire, and Friend Priscilla hurried out and home by the back way.

First day school had no charms for her that day. Her dinner was a weariness to the flesh. The cat concluded a blizzard had swept the heart of his mistress, and retired to seek consolation in the light of the fire and the warmth of the rug. Afternoon ran on toward twilight, and twilight deepened into evening, and still Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat there gloomily, wondering how it had ever happened, and bemoaning that she of all people should have brought discredit upon the sacredness of a Friends' meeting, for it had taken no second glance to show that what she had supposed to be a neatly ironed, fine white handkerchief shading her agitated little face had been in reality a long white stocking, dangling its toe and heel audaciously toward the audience.—Philadelphia Times.

A Bright Christmas.

Christmas! What a flood of memories the word revives! To tell of the happiest Christmas I ever experienced is almost an impossibility—there were so many happy ones when my father was alive to teach me how to enjoy them. The first Christmas that I remember seems now like a scene from a long forgotten comedy. I was a very little boy then, but the day is impressed upon my memory by a mishap never to be forgotten. Who has not some time been given a drum by his dearest friend and closest confidant—his father? The drum that I received then was almost as large as I, and the very first use to which I put it was that of a stepladder.

My ambition at that moment was to reach the lofty altitude of an armchair. The drumhead, however, refused to sustain me and I fell through with a bang. How long I might have remained there it is impossible to say, for I never could have extricated myself alone. The hearty laugh in which my father indulged when he rescued me from my predicament is still a bright spot in my recollection.—George B. McClellan in New York Herald.

Soms of Burns' Phrases.

Here are a few specimens of Burns' happy phrases: "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley;" "The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip, to haud the wretch in order;" "But pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed;" "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us;" "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn;" "Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;" "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;" "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted;" "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;" "The rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."—London Tit-Bits.

Finds at Sea.

In respect to derelict or abandoned property at sea the ancient rule gave one-half to the salvor, but now the usual course is to allow the award to be governed by the same principles as in other salvage cases, taking into consideration the risk and labor employed in the service. Often a ship fortunate enough to save an imperiled or helpless vessel will make more money for her owners than she would on two or three voyages.—New York Evening Sun.

How the Number Nine Affects Love.

The first unmarried man passing beneath the lintel post of a door over which has been hung a pod containing nine peas will marry the maid who placed it there, and a piece of worsted with nine knots tied in it is considered a lucky charm for a sprained ankle.—New York News.

A Sermon Exchange.

The latest enterprise which we hear announced in the young and enterprising west is the "Sermon exchange," of Chicago. According to popular belief the practice of clergymen has been to write sermons until they had filled a barrel. Then the barrel would be turned upside down and the sermons all preached over again. Where a minister remained in a church a great many years the congregation would after awhile begin to know when the barrel was turned.

Some sermons were looked forward to with much interest and others with more or less dismay. The Sermon exchange is to do away with all of this. It is no longer necessary to preach a sermon over a second time. The preacher can take an old sermon and tie twenty-five cents to it. This he sends to the exchange and receives one written by some one else by return mail, or if he has no sermon to send he can get one for fifty cents.—Baltimore Sun.

Long Island Indians.

There was a time when many of the Shinnecocks shared in the occupations of the white people and acquitted themselves with great credit. I allude to the whaling period in Southampton history. The Shinnecock at sea, whether pure blood or half breed, made an exact sailor. The discipline of the forecastle was good for him, at least so long as he was afloat. Many of them got to be mates, and one became a captain. This distinguished sailor man was not a pure bred Indian, but was part negro, and probably had a small though potential quantity of white blood. This was Captain Lee, and any one down toward Southampton or Sag Harbor can tell of his giant stature and immense strength. This Captain Lee was the son of a still more famous man, Parson Lee.—John G. Speed in Harper's Weekly.

Just Cause.

"Wodjer black Joey's heye fur arter he'd denied as he'd said them things about yer?" "Denied it? Not 'im! Why, I ses to 'im, 'Joerge ses you've bin corling me a blackleg.' And he up and ses, 'I re-pudiate the statement.' And then I blacks 'is eye. I might ha' stood the cove's sayin of it once—but w'en he goes an re-pudiates it!"——

—London Public Opinion.

WIND WINDS A CLOCK.

An Ingenious Contrivance of an Inventor in Belgium.

The Garre de Nord, Brussels, has been fitted with a mechanical wonder in the shape of a clock, which, although constantly exposed to all kinds of weather, never gets out of repair, nor does it need to be wound by the hand of man. It is a perpetual timekeeper of the most unique and original design, the running weight being kept in constant motion either through the influence of gravitation, as when on the descending trip, or by the wind's action on a fan attachment which causes the weight to rise to a level with the top of the framework. The winding attachment is not a windmill of the regulation type, but is a fan placed in a common chimney, the paddles being acted upon by the natural "up cast" or "draft."

As soon as this fan has raised the "running weight" to its extreme height, the cord to which the weight is attached acts on a wheel which throws a brake into gear, and the more rounds of cord that are added, so much more strongly does the brake act to prevent the weight from rising any higher, the checking tendency being transmitted to the fan wheel with every revolution.

A simple pawl arrangement prevents the down draft from exerting any contrary influence on the fan wheel. There is not, as one might suppose on first thought, any necessity of having a fire in the stove or fireplace of the chimney to which this odd clock is attached. The natural tendency of air is to ascend through such vents, the draft thus created being always sufficient for weight winding purposes. The clock might be placed at the top of a hollow tree with a bottom opening, or any other cylinder from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height.

With its present attachments this clock runs but twenty-four hours after the winding fan stops, but by the addition of another wheel or two, might be made to run a month or two even though the up draft were not sufficiently strong to turn the winding wheel in the meantime. The inventor is a native of Belgium.—St. Louis Republic.

The Marriage Tie.

Said a brilliant woman, whom not one of the refined coterie who heard her thought of calling "immoral:" "At eighteen I married, of my own foolish will, a man of fifty, who adored me. At twenty I had learned that it would be a sin to waste my full young life—the only life I could know this side of the grave—in so monstrous a union. He was a good man, and, according to his lights, a model husband. I could not but respect him, but we had not one emotion in common. We were wholly incompatible in feeling, sentiment, in nature. Upon this ground, and this alone, I obtained a divorce."

Tear away sentimental verbinge and this woman's case stands thus: Her husband's ideas and tastes were not, to her apprehension, favorable to the development of what she sketched as the life she ought to lead. Her individual happiness outranked all other considerations in her mind. The marriage vow, uttered of her own free will, because she then fancied that she was forwarding her selfish interests by the union, became a rope of sand when inclination veered to another quarter.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

A Prize Easily Won.

A set of topers were carousing in the Old Boar, and relieved the monotony by cracking jokes and telling funny stories. After an interval of rest one of their number sprang to his feet and shouted:

"I'll give ten bottles of wine to the man who shall most closely imitate the voice of any animal."

The offer was accepted, and there was a neighing, a croaking, a grunting, a quacking, a howling and a growling fit to deafen the hearers. The last man then stood in the ring, and—did nothing. After five minutes' silence he perceived that his companions were growing impatient, when he quietly remarked:

"There, gentlemen, that was the voice of a fish!"

General hilarity. He won the wine. —Kalender.

Prosperous Negroes.

When the war closed there were about 600 negroes owned by the Creek Indians. When they were free the Indians attempted to drive them ont of the territory. The government wouldn't permit it, but made them citizens of the Creek nation and clothed them with all the rights and privileges of a full blood.

The Indians were compelled to accept this state of affairs. For awhile they badly treated their black skinned brothers, heaping all sorts of indignities upon them, which were borne with patient fortitude. When the lands were divided the government gave them a pro rata share. They have increased in population, now numbering about 2,000, raised respectable families and are doing well. —New York Advertiser.

The Origin of an Expression.

Mr. McElroy tells this: A few years ago some one defined a Mugwump to be "a person who is educated beyond his intellect." The remark was credited to several leading New Yorkers. But one day, in reading Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" I came across this sentence: "The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.'"—New York World.

Looking for Gold.

Mr. R. T. Imbrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

Boston Her Standard.

The following story is told me of a little girl who spent some weeks in a visit among relatives in this city not long ago. When the days of her visit ended she returned to her home in Maine. A few days later there was a camp meeting in the immediate neighborhood of her home, and she frequently attended with her mother. She heard many glowing descriptions of the beauties of the heavenly land, and she became enthusiastic over the prospect of such a glorious future home. One day, unable to restrain herself longer, she said to her mamma: "Let's hurry up and get to heaven before its filled up. I want to go there. If it's anything like Boston I shall never want to come back."—Boston Globe.

Too Lively.

Mamma—Did you and Ethel play church with your dolls?

Little Dora—We tried to, but we couldn't, 'cause we hadn't any boy doll for a preacher. We dressed up Johnny's jumpin jack an tried him, but he was a little too lively for a reg'lar church, so we turned it into a revival.—Good News.

Not So Much Spare Money.

The reason why there is less speculation in mining stocks in Wall street than there was formerly is not because there is less gold and silver mined west of the Mississippi, but because there is less unemployed cash east of that river.